Vol. 2 Chicago, Illinois, August, 1925 No. 5

The Liberal

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The Peoples Church

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DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

"IF ALL THE SKIES"

If all the skies were sunshine,
Our faces would be fain
To feel once more upon them
The cooling plash of rain.
—Henry Van Dyke.

THE LIBERAL

Preston Bradley ..... Editor

Grace Thayer Bradley ..... Associate Editor

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"IS IT A CRIME TO THINK?"

A Sermon Preached by Dr. Bradley in The Peoples Church, Sunday, May 31st. Stenographically reported.

You will remember that a year or two ago I preached a sermon from this pulpit in which I read to you from a pamphlet published by the Christian Fundamentalist Union. I outlined for you the program that the fundamentalists of this country were going to follow out in the next few years to turn this country into a theocracy. That is about the word that describes the ambitions of these friends. They want to turn this country over into a theocracy.

Now, I do not believe in a theocracy as a form of government. I believe in democracy, and, of course, by that implication I mean a democracy within a republic. I am not talking about a party. I am using it to designate an attitude of approach toward a question of governmental system. Representative government in its highest is not democracy in its purest. I want you to remember that distinction. There never can be a pure democracy with human nature as it is now constituted. Of course, if we do not believe in evolution there is no hope for anybody, any time anywhere. We have to wind up exactly where we are now. There can be no development. Evolution is not a principle to be applied to merely one specific creative institution of God or of the race, but as a principle that permeates the whole structure of human society and the whole of human life.

Now then, everybody treated the Tennessee matter as somewhat of a joke. If we could only know the political aspect of this matter we would be able to interpret the whole matter in a much finer and probably a more satisfactory manner, because there is a tremendous political background here, a tremendous political background.

You know men and women in public office, if they stay in it they have to get followers. There is not anybody in the world that is such an artful dodger and such a graceful stradler as the ordinary politician. They simply have to be all things to all people. When they are around where the predominant men are Roman Catholics they have to sort of vibrate a little Roman Catholicism, which does not do them any hurt and nobody else any particular good. But they have to feel it is all right. And the same thing about every other religion. Public men in public office who are hearing me today know that it is true. We cannot help but admire that type of personality and that attitude of mind which evidences some outstanding attitude for something, and not a sort of anemic pussy-foot, that so many of our politicians, purely politicians are. We admire the folks that stand for something. And that is precisely what I want to say right here, because my friend, Mr. Bryan, is going to speak in Chicago tonight, and I want him to have a good crowd. He is going to speak at the Second Presbyterian Church tonight for the Rev. Josiah Sibley. I spoke there myself this winter,—and Mr. Bryan is coming back now to look after that matter.

That is all right.

But here is the thing I want to say right here and now, about the men on the other side of this Fundamentalist's row that is going

to be so much fun, and I hope so much profit, and as Mrs. Allen has said, is going to result in a much more serious situation than most of us think. But this is what I admire about them. They do not have any misgivings about where they stand. They are open faced and they are out and out on what they are.

I appreciate and respect out-and-outers. I like a man that you know where he is; that when he has an opinion—he may be wrong and he may be intolerant in the expression of that opinion, but at any rate, you appreciate the fact that it is his opinion.

Now I feel that way about Dr. Massey of Boston, Dr. Riley of Minneapolis; Mr. Bryan; Dr. Straton of New York, Dr. McCartney of Philadelphia, and these men who have taken the opposite side of this question. I admire that attitude, just as I admire it on the other side. One cannot help but admire that courageous and highly spiritually minded leader of our contemporary religious program today, Harry Emerson Fosdick, a man who has had to face, as everyone has had to face hardships as all must who go against the common accepted order of traditions in theology. You cannot read the books given to us by Harry Emerson Fosdick without recognizing and admiring the glorious qualities of his religious work and the beauty of his spiritual development. Mr. Fosdick has just come into his own, as we all come into our own sooner or later in life, if we are trying to do the right thing. Dr. Fosdick will assume charge of the Park Avenue Baptist Church of New York, succeeding Dr. Cornelius Woelfkin. And what is more significant, within the last three days Mr. John D. Rockefeller Jr., has purchased one of the finest spaces of all in the whole of the uptown district of New York city, near Columbia University and there Dr. Fosdick is going to have a great temple to seat about five thousand people. Harry Emerson Fosdick has become a great leader, the great personality around which will crystalize much of this fight for freedom of religious thinking in matters of religion.

Harry Emerson Fosdick does not go far enough to suit me. I am a little more of a fundamental evolutionist than Dr. Fosdick is, but I am living in hopes that as Dr. Fosdick goes on a little further in pioneering into the great contributions of science that he will see somewhat more light in this matter and become probably more outstanding than he is.

I have only one little bone to pick with Dr. Fosdick, and that is the interview he gave to the press in which he spoke so highly and it seemed such an important matter, namely, that he never would accept more than five thousand dollars a year as Pastor of this great Park Avenue Baptist Church in New York City which they are building for him.

I have experienced a little reaction from that on that part of some of the people who talked about preachers' salaries and saying that he does not expect over five thousand dollars a year salary from that church, and that was one of the stipulations that had to do with his acceptance.

Now, upon the surface that sounds very well. That no Minister be paid more than five thousand dollars a year. Of course, my friend, Dick Little, very graciously intimated that if Harry Emerson Fosdick lived on five thousand dollars which he gets from his church he would have to cook his own meals in the lobby and sleep in the church! And I am not so sure but what he is right about that.

But here is the point: while Harry Emerson Fosdick is going to the Park Avenue Church for five thousand dollars a year salary, we must not forget that he gets five thousand dollars a year more as professor at the Union Theological Seminary, where he is going to continue his teaching; and also he has written four of the "best sellers" in the world of religion. So you can estimate, without going to the

Income Tax Bureau where the whole matter of income stands. His income for the year is many thousand dollars.

So I want to set some of you folks right who think that no preacher ought to get over five thousand dollars a year. (Applause). We will dismiss that matter. That is settled.

Now I want to say a word on how this matter came to a climax in Tennessee. It happened that a young man, Scopes, was teaching in the High School at Dayton, Tennessee, and there were, as there always are in every village and in every city, a group of forward-minded people who were interested in the Truth and trying to find out as best they could what it is all about. So the thing they did was to meet in the drug-store in Dayton, Tennessee, and one evening they got to discussing this matter, and then one night, a graduate of one of our Easter colleges, and who was there in Dayton only two or three years in an engineering capacity, were discussing this matter of Evolution and the Bible. This man said the legislature of this State has passed a law known as the Anti-Evolution Bill. He was talking to this young man, Scopes,—and by the way, Scopes is a young man and I hope to have him up here this winter and have him tell you the story. Scopes said "I am teaching a book up in my school called Civic Biology written by George W. Hunter." And he said "You know this Civic Biology that I am teaching in my class in biology certainly teaches the theory of evolution." They said to him "Well, if that is true, let us make a test case of this matter and attack the constitutionality of this act and the right of the legislature to make such a law in this State." Scopes has only a bachelor degree from the State University, and of course, has not a technical scientific training, which is necessary to make a defense against some of the fundamentalists brethren.

Well, now he got out this Civic Biology, this book written by George W. Hunter, and he read to the little group in the store. And two passages from this book I am going to read, because they are the passages that started this whole matter and super induced this whole discussion.

The first is briefly: I am quoting from the book Civic Biology.

"We have now learned that animal forms may be arranged so as to begin with very simple one-cell forms and culminate with a group which contains man himself. This arrangement is called the evolutionary process. Evolution means change, and these groups are believed by scientists to represent stages in complexity of life on earth. Geology teaches that millions of years ago life upon the earth was very small, and that gradually more and more complex forms of life appeared. As the rocks formed latest in time they show the most highly developed forms of animal life. The great English scentist, Charles Darwin, from this and other evidence explained the theory of evolution."

Then he turned in the book to this:

"Although we know that man is separated mentally by a wide gap from all other animals, in our study of physiology we must ask where to place man. If we attempt to classify man we see at once that he must be placed with the vertebrae animals, because of his possession of a vertebral column. Evidently too he is a mammal because the young are nourished by the milk secreted by the mother, and because his body at least is partially covered with hair. In the anatomy we find we must place man with the ape-like animals because of the numerous points of structural likeness. The monkeys seem to have very many attributes of man, and we might also say that man seems to have many of the mental attributes of monkeys, and be just as truthful."

Now there you are.

Well, what are we going to do about it?

In the first place, we see evidences at regular intermittent outcroppings in the evolution of the race whereby this question of science and religion seem to face each other in a deadly combat. And it seems to me as we analyze some of these combats of the years that have passed that we did not get hold of a satisfactory answer that met the demands of any of these moments as they arose. We felt after the publication of the Origin of the Species in 1859 by Charles Darwin and the defense of the "Impregnable Rock of the Holy Scripture" which Gladstone wrote, and then later followed by that monumental work of Balfour where he speaks of "the foundation of belief," and then intensified by the peculiar spiritual and materialistic affinity that existed in the mind of Henry Drummond that the matter was settled. I do not suppose any man has written on this whole subject so illuminatingly as has Henry Drummond in his great work of "The Natural Law in the Spiritual World."

Now we see recurrences of this fight and this struggle on down through the years until the whole matter has been brought to a crisis once again in our own country.

There was a time when it seemed as though we were getting somewhere in this matter of freedom and in this matter of religious liberty. But there is within all of us an elemental relationship that frequently determines our judgments based upon prejudice and passion, and we seem to be so unable to break away from the shackles of superstition and fear. We are all the time afraid of what Truth is going to do to God.

Well, my friends, the fact of the matter is that Truth and God are in partnership together. There is no Truth apart from God and no God apart from Truth.

And if we are so much a part of the paganisms of antiquity and if the whole question resolves itself to the infallibility of the Bible as the geological and biological text-book of humanity, then civilization has made no advancement since the burning of Servetus in the sixteenth century. If we stand today where we stood then, there is no hope. We will not be able, nor can we authenticate into our social relationship which will ultimately bring us world peace and world-fellowship. This law is not a matter of a physical universe; it is a matter of social spiritual structure of life, and if there is such a thing as a progressive tendency in a materialistic world, there is likewise a progressive tendency in our spiritual and intellectual personalities. And if there is not the one, there is not the other. We are but the victims of a viciousness that I do not believe can exist at all in the heart and in the thought of God.

This whole subject of Religion, my friends, is a subject which if we were to successfully exhaust in the moment or two here would be impossible. It would take hours and hours and years and years and a lifetime.

So there are only one or two things which I want to intimate to you. In the first place, the question that is going to be fought out in Tennessee in this matter must have some concrete examples, and, of course, the fundamentalists must anchor to the concrete example of the infallibility and inspiration of the Bible as the word of God.

Now what is the use of going into these matters that I thought every intelligent man had discarded years and years ago. How can one believe in the story of Noah's ark?

How can anybody with any sense at all believe that water covered all the earth and all living things, two by two went into that ark?

Now I just can't believe it. That is all there is to it!

Why, how can anyone believe that an ax-head floats. Well, it is in the Bible. I can't believe it.

Who can believe that God would kill little children because

those little children,—as I can read to you in the Old Testament, called one of the men who was passing by "old bald head." It is in the Old Testament. I can read it to you. And they said that these men called upon God and God sent bears out of the woods to devour these little children.

I do not believe in such a God!

Well, how if you are going to resolve this whole matter down to a question of that kind, how absolutely childish the whole thing is. The fact of the matter is it does not disturb most folks at all.

Now the men that take the technical aspect of the question. They just don't exist. The person who feels that way never has my ill feeling. He has my pity. To me it is pitiful, that one has to predicate this great intelligence of God and to establish the existence of God upon such childishness.

The world would find out the existence of God if there never had been a line of the Old Testament written.

Man has not been doing anything else but struggle to find out the meaning of the universe and its laws. And man has had to face at regular intervals all down through history this struggle. I only have to read a few names to tell you what I mean.

Galileo. I wish that some Church would make a saint out of Galileo. Let us have a Saint Galileo. If there ever was a saint it was Galileo. What was his crime? And why was he jailed and lied about and imprisoned? I will tell you why. Because he taught the world was round. That was his only crime. He taught the world was round, and it upset the whole established theory of the universe, for up to that moment they believed the accounts in the Bible, where it said that the angels stood at the four corners of the earth. And when they read that passage "the angels stood at the four corners of the earth," they said "How can angels stand at the corners of the earth if the earth is round?" And right today they are teaching it within ear-shot of my voice at this moment that the earth is flat.

And, yet, my friends, that is not the issue at all.

You know the issue of this matter is not the issue of whether evolution is right or wrong. First, because no State Legislature in the long run can legislate against truth and ever be effective!

That is the first thing. There is a certain something in human society that is going to take care of a legislative wrong. It may take a little time, but they will take care of it.

So when we come to this matter of what they have done to the folks of the past, what do we discover?

Galileo.

Who is next? Bruno.

And we cannot forget Copernicus.

Copernicus, who enlarged the universe.

Why, they thought that this little world was all there was to it. And I don't know of any argument that is so compulsory and so difficult for the fundamentalists to meet as this argument of the planetary system.

What are you going to do with the universe?

They know what they are going to do with me; they know what they are going to do with Tennessee? They know what they are going to do about the earth being flat. But what are you going to do with the nebular theory?

What are you going to do with the formation of the universe?

Why, the whole universe is the result of evolution. We are whirling through space. The planetary system is the great test of this whole evolutionary principle.

So when we come to the real issue, what is it? The real issue, as I see it, is not the test of evolution or religion at all. The real issue,

as I detect it in the viciousness of the program and out-croppings of that old theory of a specially selected sovereign group to rule the rest of us on matters of religion. That is what I detect.

I am not worried in this matter at all about evolution. I am not worried about what is going to happen to the truth of evolution. Evolution does not depend for its truthfulness nor for its growth upon a bill in Tennessee. Evolution will go right on. We are not worried about that. I am worried about what is going to happen to violate the fundamental principle of American liberty that your father and mine fought and bled and died for from Bunker Hill to Santiago, whether any State in America can pass a law whereby they can become the arbiters of judgment as to the facts of science in its relationship to religion.

Facts are facts. That is all there is to it.

Is there such a thing as Methodist botany?

Is there such a thing as Presbyterian algebra?

Is there such a thing as Baptist arithmetic?

Why, you know there is not. And it is ridiculous to think of it.

Law is law. Two times two is four, whether it is night or day; whether it is Catholic or Jew. That says it. It is law. And no one, man, institution can ultimately win against Truth. That is the fact of the matter.

We are not going to lose in this battle. You make up your minds that the modernists are going to win. They are going to win in the church and they are going to win outside the church. They are going to win everywhere. They are going to win. Do not have any doubt about that, because in the end liberality of mind, spaciousness of viewpoint is going to win.

Of course, the whole thing hinges upon the fact, as they say, that "the public welfare demands it."

Well, I never lived in Tennessee, but I have had a great many friends there in Tennessee. I have always had a great deal of respect for Tennessee. Vanderbilt University in Tennessee is rapidly becoming one of the outstanding universities of the South.

What I am suspicious of is that which this vicious law will do—and I am not so sure but what the men who are attacking the constitutionality of this law might use this point. That this law can be knocked out on its discriminating aspect. I am not much of a lawyer. I try to make an honest living.

But this law can be impugned on its discriminating aspect. What do I mean by its discriminating aspect? I mean this: As you will note it only applies to those schools that are supported by the tax-money of the state or partially supported. Now there are many private schools in Tennessee. There are many splendid institutions for boys and one of the outstanding military schools where the sons of the rich are in attendance in Tennessee. And I am not so sure but what the discriminating aspect of this law can be found of sufficient note at least to consider; that it is going to make one thing possible for a poor boy and another thing possible for a rich boy. A poor student going to the school supported in whole or in part by the public school funds of Tennessee cannot be taught evolution, but the State Legislature cannot touch those schools of Tennessee that are supported by the tuitions and endowments of their administrations.

So the boy that has money enough in Tennessee to go to a school that is not supported by public school funds can learn evolution.

Well, you see the ridiculousness of that, don't you?

The whole aspect is one so interesting that I think it is worthy of consideration, serious consideration.

My friends, the evolutionist cannot ante-date the origin of life. No mind can. There is not a mind in this audience today, nor has the

world ever produced a mind that can grasp this thought of the origin of all life manifestation. You cannot do it. And that part of the Bible in which I absolutely believe in this whole matter is the first verse of the first chapter of the Book of Genesis, where it says: "In the beginning God." That is where I begin. "In the beginning God."

"In the beginning God created heaven and earth."

Now, I don't know how far anybody can go beyond any beginning. Where are you going from there? In the beginning. That is the origin. In the beginning. And no mind can conceive beyond that. In the beginning, but in the beginning God.

An evolutionist need not be an atheist. I know thousands of evolutionists who are not. An evolutionist need not be a skeptic. An evolutionist need not even be an agnostic. There is a possibility whereby the evolutionary theory of science and religion will amalgamate themselves together in one belief, but it cannot be done on the infallibility of a book. Geology and science as the word from out of a book that was written over ten centuries intervening between its first and the last, and today the nearest record we have of anything in the book was more than a hundred years, after the events were supposed to have taken place.

We demand a greater authority than that. That is no proof at all.

And when we come to this thought of evolution, what do we find? We find first that Jesus understood the relationship between the evolutionary theory of life, though it had not existed as a scietific program at the time, and yet he acknowledged it everywhere. Where?

In the parable of the mustard seed. There is the theory of evolution.

In the parable of the leavened lump. There is the theory of evolution, out of your New Testament.

Do you want another thing?

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God, but it hath not yet appeared what we shall be."

That is evolution.

Development.

It is not what we are now; it is what we will become.

The whole literature of the Gospel of Jesus is filled with the theory that religion, as I have said again and again, is not a static thing, but religion is a dynamic thing.

Every flower here in this basket of flowers on this platform this morning was first a seed. There was no magic about its flowering and its development. There was no special manifestation of beauty. It came through the processes which govern the law of growth and development. So with men. It is true that the blood of an ape is more microscopically similar to the blood of a human than any other blood, but that does not prove that God does not exist or an evolutionist may not be a Christian and trying to do his duty.

This whole fact, my dear friends, it seems to me resolves itself not so much into an intellectual issue at all as a moral issue. The viciousness of the reaction of wrong beliefs are the things that are now implied in this great problem. When I look at this great struggle of evolution, man's struggle toward the answer of things, I come to this conclusion:

Merely because I destroy the instrument of the musician, does that mean that I have destroyed music? Merely because I analyze the instrument of the musician, does that mean I do not appreciate the music or the musician himself?

Life and its laws to the material universe is the instrument. Can you see?

The personality of man is the artist that plays this instrument of life.

And merely because we analyze the laws that govern the great structure of ours and human society so that marks upon our bodies can be found which give evidence of the day when there was an entirely different line-up, for instance, upon the basis of the sexes than they are today; so that we find upon these bodies of ours relics and appendanges that are a part of some great previous existence in the life of the race. But does that read out of man his soul? Does that take out of man the idea of God?

My friends, Fritz Kreisler may play upon his violin so that he lifts our souls into realms of beauty, and you may hand him a broken instrument with one string, and he, out of that one string, will get notes of beauty.

I would rather listen to Fritz Kreisler play upon a broken instrument with one string than I would care to hear a fool play upon a Stradavarius.

There is the issue.

I would rather take God in terms of reason and of intelligence, and take this instrument of life and bring it up into such a sense of perfection so that the thing we call Soul can have a great tabernacle in which to live than to believe all your theories of the fiat God and your miracles that defy natural laws.

These are the big things involved.

And let me say in conclusion that there is nothing which the brain of man can accomplish that is as great as the way in which the brain does it.

And when you are all through with your materialistic, atheistic, agnostic universe, what do we find?

Have you ever seen a brain in a pickle-jar in the hospital laboratory? Well, I have. And they are ugly looking things. And when I stood in front of a human brain in a jar in a hospital laboratory I saw its creases and its folds, and as I stood in the presence of that brain I said "Dead brain. You could not paint a great Madonna for a Sistine Chapel." I said "Great Brain, you could not leap the centuries with high thoughts and crystalize them into literature and art." I said "Great brain, you could not give us the wireless." I said "Great brain, you could not give us a Moon Light Sonnata." I said "Great brain, you could not give us a Hamlet." I said "Great brain, you could not give us a 'Paradise Lost' or an 'Inferno.' "

Great brain! You are, but the mind is greater. And the brain is only the organ of the mind. The body is only the temple of the soul.

My mind is the thing that responds to the heart-throbs of God and the cosmic universe of nature. And no law that is static can stop my mind.

I am going on into the laboratory. I want to take all of geology and of astronomy and of biology and of psychology and bring it to this mind, and by bringing I shall find an enlargement of my conception of God.

No legislature can stop that.

The fight is on in Tennessee.

Professor Scopes will be convicted.

And that is exactly what he wants, for the case will go to the United States Supreme Court. And let it go. I am sure that when it gets there where prejudice and ignorance do not avail, that the historic Supreme Court of the United States of America, which has always upon every issue defended the principles of the bill of rights and the constitution of the United States, will throw it out; and it ought to be thrown out into the highways to be trampled on by the onward marching feet of progressive men and women who have a religion that

does not have to be petted and coddled and warmed and suckled at the breast of State Legislators, but a religion of light, a religion of beauty, a religion of the morning, a religion of the dawn, a religion that is not afraid, a religion of courage, a religion that knows only devotion to Truth, a religion that in the end will be so idealistic and saturated with the finest ethics of human service, and that our little beliefs of this and that or the other will sink into insignificance, while our tremendous contribution to human progress will ever illumine the onward march of man.

Goethe on his death-bed cried "More light. More light."

To religion I say, to Tennessee I say, to all who are going to try to coerce and expect to make thinking a crime, to them I say MORE LIGHT! Because we are going to keep at it until that day breaketh that will never know the night of superstition and fear; when Truth shall be enthroned in her rightful place and Honor and Dignity shall be the hand-maidens of God, and every man and every woman shall have the right, without fear of jail or violation of law, of believing as they choose to believe and of worshipping God as they deem right.

"THE ISLES OF SHOALS"—A Tribute

An island has always had a romantic appeal to me. I think that most everyone feels a little tingling of the heart when they think about an island. The fascination and love of islands can be explained in a diversity of ways. Obviously folk that do not like the water or the sea do not like islands but islanders always love the watery paths which lead them to their heart's desire.

During the months of the year I live among the pine and birches on a little island, but it is not of this island that I write. For nearly a week now I have been living and loving a little rock mantled island ten miles out in the Atlantic Ocean, off the coast of New Hampshire. From the window facing my writing table I can look out upon a glistening granite slab: in silvery silhouette against a sky of infinite blue. The caressing sun beams of a wearied sun linger in characteristic tenderness upon its smoothened surface. The monument rests on the brow of a rocky hill and tells all who tarry that Capt. John Smith discovered this place of imprisoned beauty in 1614.

The Isles of Shoals, as the name testifies, is a group of six islands. The largest, Appledore, has several hundred acres, the next, Star, is somewhat smaller, while the remaining four, Smuttynose, Cedar, Londoners, and White have only a few acres in each. The history of these islands is as interesting as the records of any part of the American Atlantic coast.

The geologist must find here a fascinating territory. Every rock is eloquent with the silent but effective story of the making of the earth by wind, water, summer and winter. What craftsmen they are! With what uncopyable sculpture did they chisel their ineffaceable record as they untiringly labored in the quietness of pre-historic time! For nearly three hundred years these islands have been the stage where the human drama has been continuously produced. For forty centuries prior to that they have known the presence of aboriginal life. If fancy were to weave a story on the loom of romance it would be as colorful as a sunset. The jagged and ragged rugged rocks, worn by the tireless tide point skyward like tearing teeth. Wedged into the granite mass can be seen the great slabs of the older mica-shist. In places these slabs are twenty feet wide stretching northeast and southwest as the earth crust lie in this region. The Rev. E. Victor Bigelow of Andover, Mass., says of geological formation, "those who have ob-

served how the air and the rain and the frost have been gnawing away at the tough rocks may wonder how much has been eroded from the top of our islands. That the process has been going on for ninety millions of years is fairly well ascertained by measuring the salt of the ocean which has been carried there from the land since the oceans, as fresh water, first were able to rest upon the hot surface of the earth." Here are easily discernible to the keen observer with a geological knowledge the various changes which have come since that far off day. The melting of the glacier as it slid from Mt. Washington five thousand years ago left its deposits of sand and gravel. Recently on a clear day of brilliant sunshine I could see across the blue water the peak of Mt. Washington on the mainland. Today the islands are worn by the rentless process of nature until they are almost barren rocks. The early inhabitants, who were fishermen, constructed stone walls about their homes to keep the inconsiderate drenching rains from washing what little soil remains into the sea.

There is not a tree or a shrub of any consequence anywhere on the islands. I never thought that I could learn to love a treeless place. But this is one spot where a tree would seem out of place. The spaciousness of the sea and the limitlessness of the sky would dwarf the splendor of a tree. Even trees would be lonely here. The long virile winters would so chill their hearts that the warmth of the springtime sun could not love into life what the winter had ruthlessly killed.

For a hundred years after Columbus visited the Western Continent many adventurous seamen fished about these prolific waters. Although the fishing is gradually getting poorer I am going to have for dinner tonight a broiled lobster taken by a fisherman a few hundred feet from where I am writing these words. The first unmistakeable mention of these islands bears the date 1605. De Monts and Champlain sailing along the coast of Maine passed the mouth of the Piscataua River and wrote that they saw, "on the east two leagues distant three or four rather prominent islands." The sea-faring traveller in unknown waters fears nothing more than shoals in an open sea. The sailors before 1600 must have named these islands the Isles of Shoals—a descriptive and an inclusive appropriate name. This name has remained in spite of the effort of Capt. John Smith to call them Smith's Isles after his visit in 1614. The Indian Deed given to John Wheelwright and others in 1629 includes this clause: "Isles of Shoals so-called by the English. Such they are named and I hope that no effort will ever succeed for the renaming of these unusual, distinctive and altogether lovely islands." After Smith's visit the islands became important fishing territory for several English concerns. About thirty-five ships from the west of England and nearly as many from London were making their owners wealthy before our Pilgrim Fathers settled at Plymouth. As the years came on the financeers of England attempted to capitalize the fishing industry to such an extent that the fishermen as Capt. Smith recorded "grew so discontented that a few or none would go." This was written by Capt. Smith in 1629 and it brings to a close this epoch in the history of the islands.

In 1628 two families became permanent settlers on the islands. A Mr. Jeffrey and a Mr. Burslem with their families began the period of English settlement. From this period to 1770 has been called the era of commerce for the Islands. The islands passed through many vicissitudes. Now prosperous, now impoverished. In the forty years between 1660 and 1700 the islands probably reached their maximum population. We are reliably informed that there were as many as 600 people at one time.

The religious history of the islands keeps pace in interest with the economic development. For a few years the islands were under the jurisdiction of Mason and Gorges, who had the patent for settling

Maine and New Hampshire in 1631. That condition was no longer possible by 1635 and the island group was divided leaving Star, Londoners and White in New Hampshire and Cedar, Smuttynose, Appledore and the small island, Duck, in Maine. The Mason and Gorges' influence was Anglican in contrast with the Puritanism that prevailed in the Massachusetts colony. The Rev. Joseph Hull, who lived in Agamenticus frequently visited Appledore to preach and administer the sacrament in 1640. In 1640 Rev. Robert Jordan officiated in a similar manner and in 1641 and 1642 Rev. Richard Gigson settled at the Shoals. The Anglican influence was broken when the Puritan colony in Massachusetts came into control of the Maine province. The minister from 1650 to 1662 was the Rev. John Brock, a Puritan of great spirituality. The Rev. Cotton Mather said of him, "he dwelt as near heaven as any man upon earth." As the years came on an act of the New Hampshire Assembly in 1715 re-christened the community of Star Island as the Town of Gosport. Five years later the second meeting house was erected on Star Island. On Dec. 11, 1731, the Rev. John Tuck, at the age of thirty, was settled and ordained on the island. He lived there unitl 1773 when he died. A monument is erected over his grave on Star Island. As the Revolutionary war loomed up the New Hampshire authorities thought the islands were too much exposed to the British naval forces and on Jan. 5, 1776, the inhabitants then numbering about 233 were ordered to leave. The most of them were heart-broken and dispirited and many stole back the next spring and summer. In 1790 they tore down the meeting house and used it for fuel during an unusually long and severe winter. There is a conflicting opinion as to the necessity for this. The Rev. Jeremiah Morse says it was done by "people of the baser sort" in his report. By the year 1800 many who had been banished by the war found their way back again. In that year there were 92 persons on Star Island, while on Smuttynose there were the three Haley families. There were no people on the other Islands. The Rev. Morse with Dudley A. Tyng of Newburyport, accomplished the erection of a Stone Meeting House the summer of 1800. This church still stands and in it are held the morning chapel and candle light services of the Unitarians during the summer meetings. I shall never forget the emotions I felt as I stood in the old pulpit and lead the Candle Light Service.

The missionary effort in the Islands terminated in 1870 and the islands became a commercial summer resort. In 1839 the Hon. Henry B. Laighton who had been politically prominent in New Hampshire politics had grown weary of the strain of public life and accepted the position as light keeper of the White Island Light, located on a small island one mile southwest of Star Island. He took his wife and three children, Celia, aged five and Cedric and Oscar. Celia later married a young clergyman named Thaxter and the world knows her today as the charming poet, essayist and historian—Celia Thaxter. She had her home later on Appledore. There she lived and died. I visited her grave on Appledore yesterday and as I stood there I visualized her romantic and interesting career. She was the intimate of sea, wind, rock and sky. Here she sleeps where the restless sea with its surging song forever chants her requiem. Her brother, who is now affectionately known by all "Shoalers" as Uncle Oscar, still spends his summers on Star Island. One of the most pleasant memories of my visit to the Islands will be the morning I spent with Uncle Oscar on his boat "The Twilight." He was in a reminiscent mood and told me many interesting stories of the years on the Isles of Shoals. Uncle Oscar and his brother Cedric, for many years owned and operated two large resort hotels—one on Appledore and the other on Star Island. But with the increase of golf and tennis as popular pastimes the islands diminished in popularity, as both games are practically impos-

sible on the islands. In the summer of 1895, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Elliott, while guests at the Oceania Hotel on Star Island conceived the idea of holding a series of summer conferences on religious themes on the Island. The beauty, quietness and historical background of the Islands, suggested to these splendid people of vision the possibilities of utilizing Star Island for this purpose. They persisted in their ambitions and finally succeeded in interesting the Unitarian people in the feasibility and desirability of such an enterprise. By 1897 their plans saw realization and in that summer the first conference was held which has been continued with increased interest and influence ever since. In 1914 the New England Congregational Congress became interested and that body now holds its summer conferences at Star Island, immediately following the Unitarian program. The old stone meeting house, known as Gosport Church has been restored by the Unitarians and has an atmosphere of historical charm associated with the beauty of spiritual inspiration.

Words seem elusive when one tries to capture and make articulate the spirit of these islands. Standing on the deck of the little steamer "Sightseer" I caught my first glimpse of the Isles of Shoals. At first I was disappointed. They appeared only a ledge of rocks, smoothered and whitened by the washing of the sea. A bluish haze hung over them which blended into the deeper blue of the sky. On the highest point of Star Island stood the summer hotel of the architectural mannerism of the early nineteenth century. The way in which the charm of these islands gradually evolves until one is completely enamored is almost mystical in its process. I had not been on Star Island an hour before I could feel myself gradually yielding to the delight and ecstacy of the spot. Probably more poems have been written on these islands than any other place in America in proportion to their size. They inspire poetical utterance. The ocean is ever present as an accompaniment. There are as many moods here as there are to the soul. Fortunately for me during my sojourn there of seven days we had a diversity of weather. There were hours of quiet and calm, when the ocean was tender in its caresses of the rocky shores and there were times when it was lashing with vengeance its fury. The sunsets were colorful with an orientation as appealing as I have found any where else where I have been privileged to watch the silent tribute of the sun to a dying day. And the nights with the sobbing surf! As a relief from the color when it becomes so beautiful as to be almost sad a fog floats in from the sea, and becomes a mantle of beauty. The islands are tree-less but wild flowers of many varieties grow in artistic loveliness everywhere. The modest scarlet pimpernel quietly greets one as you walk about. The Isles of Shoals' poppies are no where excelled in color and size. I can easily understand how Celia Thaxter could spend her life on these islands. Their pristine grandeur and ever changing whims make every hour of the night or day an experience of delight. Here the soul meets its complement. Here there are few of man-made intrustions. Here the elemental and primitive dwell in undisturbed comradeship. Stars hold converse with the conscience and moonlight bathes the soul. The golden tinted east inspires lofty living for the new born day and the symphony of the sunset woos the tired heart with the music of contentment and rest.

The day closes with the gathering of friends you have learned to love on the piazza of the Oceanic. Here each one is handed a lighted candle placed in a wire frame and protected from the night breezes by a glass chimney. Silently we wend our way, carrying our candles, up the rocky trail that leads to the old stone church. Reverently we hang the candles on the little wooden crosses which project from the walls around the interior of the church. In the olden days the wives and children of the fishermen came here at night to pray for the safe

return of their loved ones. We carry on the ancient custom for the "safe return" of everyone when the final voyage is made back to the homeland. In the Candle Light Services a Psalm is read, a prayer is offered, a hymn is sung and silently we take down our candles and walk back to the hotel. From the time we leave the hotel until we return no word is spoken except by the leader of the service in the church. To attend one of these services is to exercise the soul. The heart is encouraged, the will strengthened and hope re-christened. Only the years will attest the power and influence of this most unique and beautiful service.

I began this article on Star Island and I finish it on my own little island over a thousand miles away. The intervening miles have not robbed me of the joy of the Star Island days. The friends that I found there will always remain precious to me. The free churches of America have the most exceptional opportunity that I know of in making the Star Island Conferences the most helpful instrumentalities for the cause of liberal religion. There are services planned to meet the needs of every department of a liberal church. A visit to the Isles of Shoals is the beginning of a new era in the life. The inspiration of my sojourn there will linger with me throughout the coming years. Only yesterday I again stood on the decks of the "Sightseer." The dock was filled with Star Island friends waving their "Good-byes." The little steamer pointed her bow towards Portsmouth. Soon the islands were once again a fringe of rock. The mists of the cloudy day wrapped them in grey beauty and I could see them no more. Now they are enshrined in my heart and the friends I found there will forever enrich and beautify earth for me. "Good-Bye," Isle of Shoals, —"Good-bye" friends. May God keep you both until we meet again for I am going back some day!

BOOK CHATS

Taking books away with one for the summer reading is much like the hungry lad whose eyes are bigger than his stomach. Our ambitions exceed our assimilation. Much of my summer selection remains still unread but I am making headway. More progress might have been made with the prescribed reading if in an unguarded moment I had not picked up Blackmore's "Lorna Doone" again. I found it irresistible. It is a classic and the environment of an out-of-door life inspires the reading of it again. I sometimes think that the undisputable test of a book is whether it wears as well in a subsequent reading. What a joy to read Blackmore again when the heart is weary of the unloveliness and sewerage of many of our contemporary novels! As an antidote read "Lorna Doone" or anything by Thomas Hardy, George Meredith or Joseph Conrad.

* * * * * * * * * *

In these chats from month to month I have said little concerning magazine reading. America is fortunate in the quality of her standard monthly magazines. "Scribners," "Harpers," "World's Work," "Forum," "Century" and the indispensable "Atlantic" are always worth acquaintanceship. For a little variation as a stimulating and frequently an irritating condiment the "American Mercury" is in a class by itself. I have the "Mercury" habit. Mencken is needed in American journalism and while I frequently disagree with him his position is challenging and cannot be dismissed with a shrug of the shoulders.

The August "Atlantic" has an article that I wish might be reprinted as a brochure and placed by the golden wand of some philan-

thropist in the hands of every minister, student and interested person in America. It is written by Alfred North Whitehead and is called by that trite and somewhat wearisome title—"Religion and Science." Dr. Whitehead is an eminent philosopher and mathematician. He was a Fellow and late Senior Lecturer at Trinity College, Cambridge. He is now Professor of Philosophy at Harvard. I am not going to give you a resume or gist of the article here. That is not my purpose at all. I only desire by calling your attention to the article itself to arouse your interest sufficiently that you will immediately go out and get the August "Atlantic."

* * * * * * * * * *

To those who are interested in my article on the "Isles of Shoals —A Tribute" found elsewhere in this number I suggest that you get from your book dealer Celia Thaxter's two books, "Among the Isles of Shoals" and "My Island Garden." Houghten Mifflin Co. are the publishers. Celia Thaxter remains the finest interpreter that has yet written of the Shoals. She spent her life with them and she caught the secret of their hearts.

* * * * * * * * * *

The Editor of "Life" with the hearty endorsement of the Chicago literary editors, nominates Jeannette Fairbank's novel, "The Smiths" for the 1925 Pulitzer's prize in fiction. It is a fine suggestion but there will be many others before the fall season ends.

* * * * * * * * * *

Martha Ostenso is back in this country, after a visit to Norway, the home of her forbears. Miss Ostenso is the prairie school teacher who won the $13,500 prize for the best first novel by an American author. Dodd, Mead & Co., will publish the book in the fall. It is in their list for October publication.

* * * * * * * * * *

I cannot read successfully out-of-doors. The other day I saw three girls in a boat rowing about in the harbor at Star Island. The young lady in the bow I took for a College student. At any rate she wore the tribal insignia—bobbed hair and heavy horn spectacles. She was reading (?). I watched her a moment in amazement. How anyone can read out-of-doors is in an enigma to me.

EVENING

From the porch we had watched the sunset. I thought if color could become music there would have been a fan-flare of trumpets, a splendid crash of cymbals and long sweet tones of French horns, and then a grand ensemble of full orchestra. The whole western sky was a magnificent symphony of color! Rapidly the vivid shades softened; in the east filmy clouds were wrapped in that incomparable soft shell-pink they wear for those few moments just before the sun sinks from view.

On the east side of the Island a hill slopes gradually down into the water; here at the waters' edge on some flat rocks we sat, bewitched by the clouds, the quiet water, the exquisite glory of it all.

On such an evening summer swings wide open the gates to the garden of her treasures, the loveliness of which stresses the inadequacy of language.

One of the secrets to the joy of being on an island is living en famille as it were, with the little brown chipmunks and hosts of shy but friendly birds, all busy just now bringing up their young families. During the hour of sunset one comes into more intimate

touch with these little creatures; often a bird will swing on a low branch quite close to our heads, and an exquisite humming bird hovers over the garden near by, while the chipmunks play all around us, then scamper away to their underground homes satisfied after a generous supper of peanuts taken fearlessly from our hands.

As the crescendo of westward color ended, the sky and water took on a pale mauve tone, and we sat in silent enjoyment of the unimaginable beauty of this July evening. The hills in the distance grew hazy—darkened—and were lost to view; the nearer islands became shadowy shapes in the deep purple water. Not a ripple stirred the glossy surface of the lake; the reflected stars—like little yellow jewels sunk deep into its bosom, made it fantastic and fairylike.

The bay whose water gently kissed the rocks at our feet, seemed like a vast canvas drawn tight upon which the ascending moon would soon paint a radiant picture.

The world was enveloped in quietness except for the occasional stirring of a bird nestling her babes, or some timid creature of the woods coming to the waters' edge under cover of the evening shadows to drink. A bird here and there tenderly crooned a lullaby; we held our heads a bit higher the better to listen, we breathed deeply the pure sweet air fragrant with fir, pine and cedar scents; that clean clear chill in the nocturnal atmosphere brings bracing strength that rests one like a cool bath at the close of a summer day.

Presently upon the air there floated a few liquid notes dropped from the flute-like throat of a thrush; we were thrilled with his evensong. Then—quiet! All sleep while the lake is tranquil in the starlight; all will awaken with the first faint flush of morning to the trip-hammer tune of the red-headed woodpecker or "caw-caw" of a greedy purple grackle out for the "early worm." The lake too will awaken from its slumber and become ruffled and dappled with sapphire tints set with diamonds all sparkling and dancing in the sunlight.

Suddenly the sky changed—became luminous—the stars paled in this greater light, and from behind the dark pine trees on the distant shore a great copper-gold moon came into full view and slowly made its way across the sky. There was a golden glow in the mute water, more and more dazzling the path became, across the bay to our very feet. A little to the southward one large star more brilliant than all the rest, twinkled through the branches of Cedar Point.

On the Island the soft night wind sang gently—ah so gently—in the tree tops of the pines to the birdlings cradled in their bough.

Sunset,—violet shadows in the twilight,—the song of a thrush,—the evening star,—moonbeams on the bay, coolness and the soft wind singing in the pines!—Evening.

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REGULAR EVENTS

School of Religious Education — Sundays, 9:30 a. m., Channing Hall.

Woman's Club—Every Monday, Program, Edgewater Beach Hotel. Departmental Meetings, Channing Hall.

Men's Forum—Second Monday evenings, Channing Hall.

The Temple Club—Second and fourth Tuesday evenings in Channing Hall.

Church Trustees Meeting—Second Monday evenings.

NEWS OF THE WOMAN'S CLUB

A goodly number of the members of the Woman's Club met for an informal luncheon and card party at Channing Hall, July 13th. These little card parties are being held once a month during the summer. The last one was held August 10th.

July 1st, Mrs. C. K. Anderson was hostess to several ladies from the Woman's Club, who motored to Antioch in cars driven by Mrs. Roberts and Mrs. Thomas, returning the next day. It is always a delight to be the guests of such genial hosts as Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Anderson in their lovely villa on Channel Lake. Mesdames Meglin, Russell, Hermsdorf, Logemen and Storfer were other members of the party.

Mrs. Dora E. Reynolds and her father are enjoying a few weeks in the country visiting a sister at Lime Springs, Iowa. They will go to Grand Rapids, Mich., the last of August to attend the National G. A. R. Convention.—G. T. B.

THE TEMPLE CLUB

Under the leadership of Mr. Newman A. DuMont, the President, the Club has sustained interest during the vacation time. Meetings of a social nature are held every Tuesday evening at the Lawrence Avenue beach. A most representative group gather there at every meeting. Several other outings have been held and definite plans have been made for summer activities until the opening of the church year. The officers of the Club and Mr. Elbert Beardslee, Miss Florence Mellum and Mr. James Griffin have been chosen as a program committee. They are now at work on a program for the winter work. The interest of all the younger group in the church is solicited by the Club. Mr. Du Mont, at 1809 Burnham Bldg., 160 N. La Salle St., will be glad to give any information concerning the Club.

THE MEN'S FORUM

In preparation for the fall activities of the Forum the members of the Executive Committee called a Business Meeting for the evening of August 3rd at Channing Hall, 4701 Sheridan Road. The Committee submitted at that time for the consideration of the members a list of officers. The Program Committee was appointed by the new President in the immediate future and began work at once on the course of lectures for the winter. The Forum maintains a high standard in its programs and an effort will be made this winter to have the best available speakers. All men interested in the church are invited to become members of the Forum.

CHURCH NEWS

On July 4th, Dr. Bradley gave two addresses on "The Meaning of Liberty." The first was given at the celebration in Tower, Minnesota at 11 a. m. This is the seventh time he has given the address in Tower. In the afternoon he gave the address at the celebration in Cook, Minnesota, thirty miles from Tower. Many Chippewa Indians were in both audiences. Rev. Dr. Thomas of Ravenswood Congregational Church, Chicago, and Rev. W. Waldemar Argon, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, accompanied Dr. Bradley on the trip to Cook.

On the evening of July 13th, Dr. Bradley gave an address before the Gilbert Commercial Club at their annual meeting at Lake Esquagamau, Minnesota.

Sunday afternoon, July 19th, Dr. Bradley preached in the First Church, Duxbury, Mass., at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. About six hundred people attended the services. There were many present from Boston and the Cape Cod district. The church is over 200 years old. In the late afternoon he visited Plymouth, the John Alden home, and the Miles Standish monument overlooking the Cape. Thursday, July 23rd, he gave his first lecture at the Summer Meetings of the Unitarians and other religious liberals at Star Island, Isles of Shoals, twelve miles in the Atlantic off the New Hampshire and Maine coasts. Friday, July 24th, he gave two addresses at the Star Island Conference and held the Candle Light Service in the old Gosport Church. Sunday morning, July 26th, he held a Communion Service at 9 a. m. in the Gosport Church, and at 10 o'clock preached the sermon for the Alliance in Elliott Hall on "The Technique of Living."

Wednesday, July 29th, he gave an address before the State Convention of Morticians of Wisconsin at Eau Claire. Thursday afternoon he addressed the thirteenth Annual Meeting of the Vermilion Old Settlers' Association at Ely, Minnesota. In the evening with Lieut. Gov. Nolan of Minnesota, he gave an address at the annual banquet.

Mr. and Mrs. N. T. Ladenson of Evanston, loyal and faithful workers in the Church have arrived in Liverpool. They will spend the summer abroad.

Mrs. S. A. Lohnes, 515 Deming Place, is spending the summer in California.

Mrs. F. J. Crabb, 2629 Leland Ave., is now in Pasadena, Calif., visiting relatives. She is making a western trip of three months' duration and will return via Texas and Mexico.

Mrs. C. M. Gottschan, formerly of Chicago and now of Milwaukee, is spending the summer as a guest of Dr. and Mrs. Bradley at Arden Lodge, Black Duck Island, Tower, Minnesota. Mr. Gottschan is on a business trip to Denmark.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. A. Harrison of Galt Avenue spent part of June and July as guests of Dr. and Mrs. Bradley at the latter's summer home at Tower, Minnesota.

It is with deep regret that we record the death of a devoted member and friend of The Peoples Church. Mr. Frank P. Cleveland died after a short illness at his Chicago home, 1855 Byron Street, on July 5th. For many years he has been interested in the church and was a prominent member of the Men's Forum. Mrs. Cleveland is actively engaged in the work of the Woman's Club. Mr. Cleveland was much interested in poetry and sent Dr. Bradley many of the beautiful poems which he has used in the morning services. He was widely read in literature and intensely interested in the liberal interpretations of religion. He will be greatly missed in the Church, and the entire Church organization extend to the family the deep sympathy of the Church heart.

Mr. and Mrs. Wyeth, 4415 Greenview Ave., are having a most interesting vacation in New England, among the "Cape Cod Folks." They will also spend some time in Maine. They will also visit relatives in Chatam, Mass. They are making the trip by motor.

Mrs. P. E. Goold, 5035 Winthrop Ave., the efficient secretary of the Church, is spending her holidays at Walloon Lake in Northern Michigan, the guest of her devoted friend, Mrs. Carlette of New Rochelle, N. Y.

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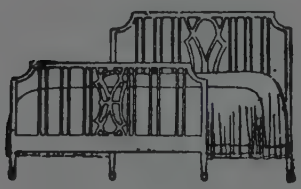

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